

ISSUE NUMBER 33 MARCH, 1984

SKATE FIVE

THE FIVE VOICE ISSUE IN THE 100% 100% 100% 100%



Wild Hairs

Marty Jimenez has been out in Cal for quite some time now. He works at Tracker. Ramps will be coming his way soon, but for now, he's making do by skidding Del Mar almost daily as well as staying high and dry in '84. A ramp is going up at Todd Veseloh's house, that is, as soon as the plywood is acquired. Things are going fast. The locals have already managed a great pile of 2 by 4's, which they FOUND.

SAN JOSE NEWS: Casey O'Brien got a car for his 18th birthday. A fence was erected around the sink. Gavin O'Brien has a job again. Jon "Shirk" Insko wrote a letter. If you've been going to restaurants, STOP IT! You can NELL get everything for half the price (oftentimes even less) at a good, big supermarket (forget 7-eleven). Get shopping!

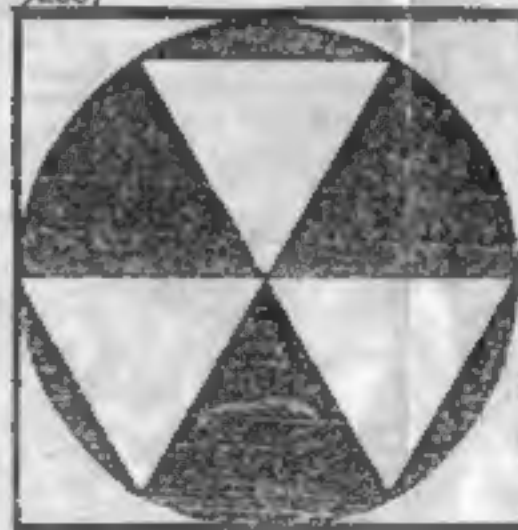


Dry stack-A big pile of ratty hair on the top of one's head, as in: "Look at Casey's dry stack!"
Skid-To skate, as in: "We're going to go street skid."
We skidded the shell bowl yesterday. A skateboard, as in: "Did you forget to bring your skid again?" "Naw, I got it."
Rod up-To have sex with, as in: "Did you rod up with her yet?" "Naw, we haven't rodged up yet."
Bitch-Any girl.
Throw a rod-See ROD UP.
Gumby tail-A tail that has been worn down on one side more than the other, usually by scraping the tail on the skate surface, resulting in a shape not unlike that of Gumby's head.
High and Dry-Going for some lengthy period without sex, as in: "I'm high and dry in '84"-Marty Jimenez

STICKER OF THE MONTH
(FROM GAVIN O'BRIEN, SAN JOSE)



EDITOR/WRITER-Garry Davis
 DRAWERS-Neil Blender, GD
 WRITER-NB
 PHOTO CONTRIBUTOR-Grant Brittain
 LAYOUT AND GRAPHIC CONCEPT-GD
 ON THE FRONT-For more underground skate lore, turn to page 8.
 ISSUE NUMBER 33 MARCH, 1984
 Skate Fats
 P.O. Box 6
 Cardiff-by-the-sea, California
 92007



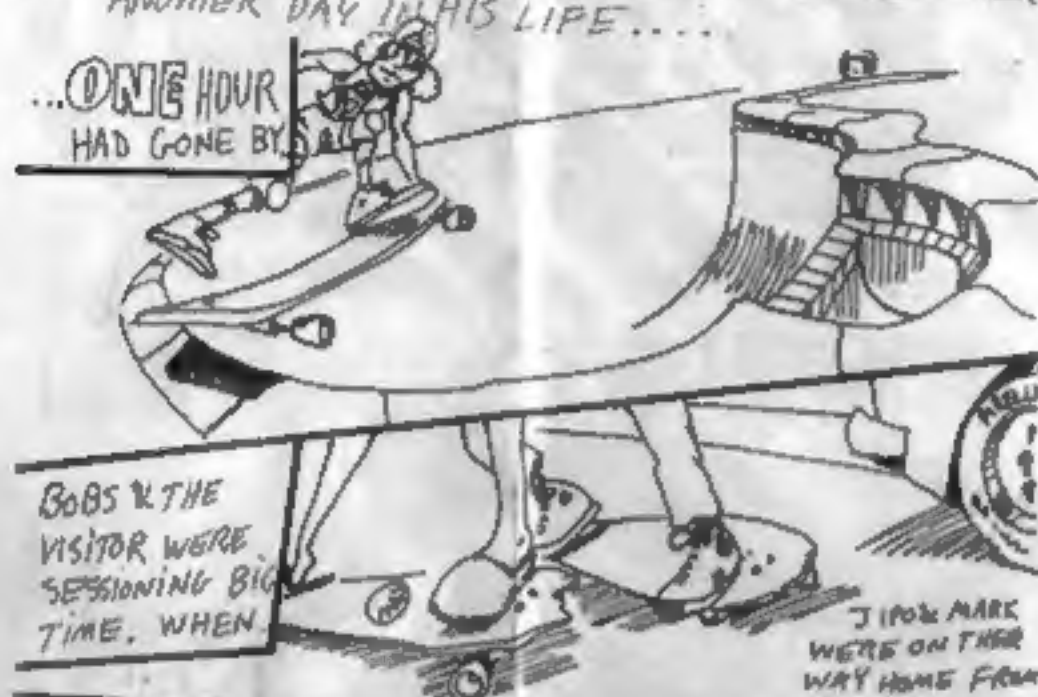
DO IT ON CONCRETE

CONCRETE CONNECTION

MARK COONSON

ANOTHER DAY IN HIS LIFE....

...ONE HOUR
HAD GONE BY...



BOBS & THE
VISITOR WERE
SESSIONING BIG
TIME. WHEN

TIPON MARK
WERE ON THEIR
WAY HOME FROM
FLOUNT.

THEY WENT BACK UP
THE HILL...



HEY WASN'T THAT
BOB'S CAR WE JUST
PASSED?

BORE BREATH,
THERES SOME
BIG BULLSHIT
IN DA MIDDLE
DERE

HES PROBABLY
AT HIS BITCHES
HOUSE, OR GETTING
WASTED AT
SOME FRIENDS -
HU? DID YOU HEAR
THAT NAME, IT SOUND-
ED LIKE A BARD
HITTING UPSIDE DOWN
ON CONCRETE.

LEME GRIP YOUR
STREET SKID

WELL, LET'S
GO A HUNTIN

THE CONCERNED
PARENT PROBABLY
DIDNT CALL THE
POLICE THREE
SECONDS LATER

MARK & TITO SEARCHED
SIX OR SO HOUSES AS
A CONCERNED PARENT
VIEWED THEIR SUSPICIOUS
ACTIVITY FROM HER
WINDOW.

OH NO, COONSON
AND THAT HICK,
HOW THE HELL
DID YOU GUYS FIND
THIS?

WHY SO UPTIGHT
BOBS? TOO MUCH
WEED IN YOUR
CAFFINE!

EVERYONE
COOL DOWN
AN LETS
BLAZE

THE VISITOR FRONTSIDE SLIDE
& ROLLS OVER & ACROSS THE
JOCURE!

WHEN TITO GETS
MOTIVATED, WHICH IS 90%
OF THE TIME, HE WILL
TRY ANYTHING.

AND SOMETIMES
MAKE IT.



AN, FUCK,
YOU GUYS
PISS ME
OFF, YOU
SUCK

MA MEN, I THINK
THE COPS HAVE
ARRIVED!

(MORE TO
COME)



RODNEY MULLER IN SWEDEN, THE ALL AMERICAN BOY? PHOTOS AND CHANGES: NETA BLOOMER

UNLEASHED

THE NEW KENT WATSON MODEL FROM DU PONT

29" x 10 1/2" RAMP CONCAVE



CROSS-SECTIONAL VIEW



The Putting Green

Pretty eyes. But you could never really tell because right at the moment, they were very lightly shut. These eyes, these uniquely one of a kind pair of eyes that I'm to tell you about, were unlike any pair you've ever seen. Because you see, one of them was brown and the other was something like a light blue-green. Their slightly off beat appearance could give most anyone the second go around at even the twenty second glance. These eyes were really quite young in fact and were not rocking, but rolling around almost violently beneath a pair of fair lids and lashes. Caught in a dream, so to speak, caught in some area of unsure images and unsuccessful memory of very vague occurrences.

Moments passed, clocks ticked, and several specks of dust floated throughout the room, each on its own uncharted path. (The unmapped, unsure mission, as always, to land on top of the dresser drawer or chair, or even the sleeping boy's hair.) Yes, sleep. Sleep and easy sleep. A much needed rest. Bodies need rest.

The sun, the sustainer of life, the closest star to that particular room and to that particular boy, arose for the morning while stealing up the hollow somewhere, bringing back the warmth to the ground, the yellow rays, the rays of the warm sun, pierced through the invisible glass of the window. They cut through the glass so brightly, in fact, that it was a wonder the pane didn't completely shatter with the morning, the moment of consciousness to meet the crisp yellow light of the new day, which was seemingly like a rectangle of glow falling down from the window into young eyes. They were bright and they stared up at the white. The stark, blank white of the ceiling far above. Very far above. Too far above. Too far above even to ever hope to reach, even with the help of one of them.

The young boy stared and stared up at the ceiling, white ceiling, momentarily tracing the outline of an over-head light with one eye closed and an outstretched hand, a small finger pointing straight up into the air. His hand came down and nothing happened. His lips then moved, forcing the shapes of words and sentences, but no sounds came out. Descriptions and ideas for no one to hear. His eyes then shifted from the ceiling to the wall. A math paper was taped there with an X marked on it. A math test to the right. A name was scribbled sloppily on a line that said NAME. A name was scribbled sloppily on a line ready to fall off the wall. It should be known, was almost for it around all the way because the wind had been blowing open. (Plus the fact that the paper had only been taped up with one piece of tape didn't help matters out much anyway.) Tory's eyes passed from the math paper after just a second of watching it toss in the wind, and they settled into focus next on a group of flowers that were painted on the wall. They were very attractive flowers and appeared to have been painted on with a great deal of thought and care. Probably by Tory's mom when he was merely a baby lot. His eyes lit up at the sight of the flowers, despite the fact that he had seen them almost every day for the past six years and forty two days. He enjoyed them a lot, but not more than real ones that were wet with dew!

Next to the flowers, was a picture that the kid himself drew. The picture was of a cat's face. It's name was Ollie. It was sloppy. There was all kinds of junk on the wall in Tory's room, like an 8 x 10 glossy of Virgil McLellan doing an ollie channel at Winford Thomas's ramp, a huge Gullwing banner, a Stop sign that had been dismantled by a drunk's car on the corner a block away about seventeen days ago, and a skateboard puzzle. There were other things too, but Tory wasn't even looking at any of them. He was busy laying in bed, looking down at something he had in his hand. What he had in his hand was, it was a wallet-size color photograph. The photo was a posed school picture of his older brother, Brooks Holton, who was in the eleventh grade. You see, Tory always slept with the picture of his older brother Brooks ever since Brooks went away.

Tory missed Brooks so bad. He always asked his mom about when Brooks would be back again. I don't know, he just went away dear. It was all his mother would tell him. Tory had always wondered why his big brother had gone away and when he would be back again.

"If Brooks came back again, I know just what he would do. He would throw me up in the air, just like he always used to. And he would tickle me, mom. And he would make me laugh so hard! I wish Brooks would come back forever, mom." Tory had said that one thousand and eight times, if not more, and the reaction of his mother was always the same. She just usually ignored him and let it pass. And he would go on thinking.

Tory wasn't even looking at the picture of Brooks anymore. He had put it underneath his pillow to keep it safe until bed-time. He was just now caught up in a trance, as usual, staring out his window into a quiet suburban scene. Rows and rows of identical tract houses dotted off into the dull distance. The sides of all the stale streets seemingly rotted with the gobs of goosy oil from the pans of the countless thousands of temporarily parked cars. Cars, cars, and more cars. The station wagons of the pill-powered housewives, and mothers' loud contraptions of wasted high school students, and the smooth, sleek imports of the coffee-cloned executives.

The phone rang out and stabbed the quiet. Tory's ears perked up as his head jerked away from the window. Tory! It's for you! a voice, a mother's voice yelled. The youngster bounded from the bed and darted out of the room.

"Yeah, who is it?" the little kid inquired as he gripped the over-sized receiver in his small kid hand. Paul here. We'll be there to pick you up in twenty seven minutes. Be ready. We're going to the hopeless ditch. It's dry. Paul Crane, one of Tory's older skate buddies, then slammed down the phone, seemingly leaving the youngest one hanging on a cliff, hanging clean off the edge. Mom, I'm going skating. Tory pronounced as he returned the receiver to the cradle, just before stepping off back to his room.

"You be carefull, young man! Tory! Tory! Did you hear me?"

SLAM went Tory's door as he strolled sloppily through his room to await the arrival of his skateboard friends. He walked clean across the room and then plopped down on the floor next to his bed. He decided to retrieve his pads and helmet out from under the chest-of-drawers on the dust and lint-laden floor boards. Tory Holton then picked up his skateboard and, out of boredom, started spinning one of the hard, yellow wheels. He hit it with his hand. Around and around and around it went with a coarse-sounding whirr. It probably needed some oil. Oh well.

One minute and seventeen seconds later, Tory glanced away from the twirling wreathane just long enough to notice that his beloved blue jack-in-the-box happened to be sitting on the day-glo green rug right next to him. You can probably just guess what happened when his eyes met the box. Yes, he stared at it, and observed all the bright, pretty colors which adorned the sides and top. He made the skate wheel, the hard, yellow wheel, stop spinning with the help of his index finger and thumb without even looking away from the light blue (predominantly light blue, at least) jack-in-the-box. You see, he was still in pretty much of a trance by all of the startling colors of the cube, but this jack-in-the-box, it should be told, was no ordinary toy. No, it was a special object that only special children could ever hope to understand.

Tory put the skateboard down and grasped the jack-in-the-box with two anxious little hands. He savored every little detail of all of the brightly colored stripes and all the happy, cheerful dots, and all of the little faces. He then turned the handle around with one hand and held the box with the other. A little song started playing from way down inside the cube: "ping ping bling. Ping ping bling. ping bling ding", is how it went. The small tune repeated itself a few times until finally, a clown-like puppet suddenly sprang out from inside the cube up into the air

with outstretched arms and a happy, painted face.

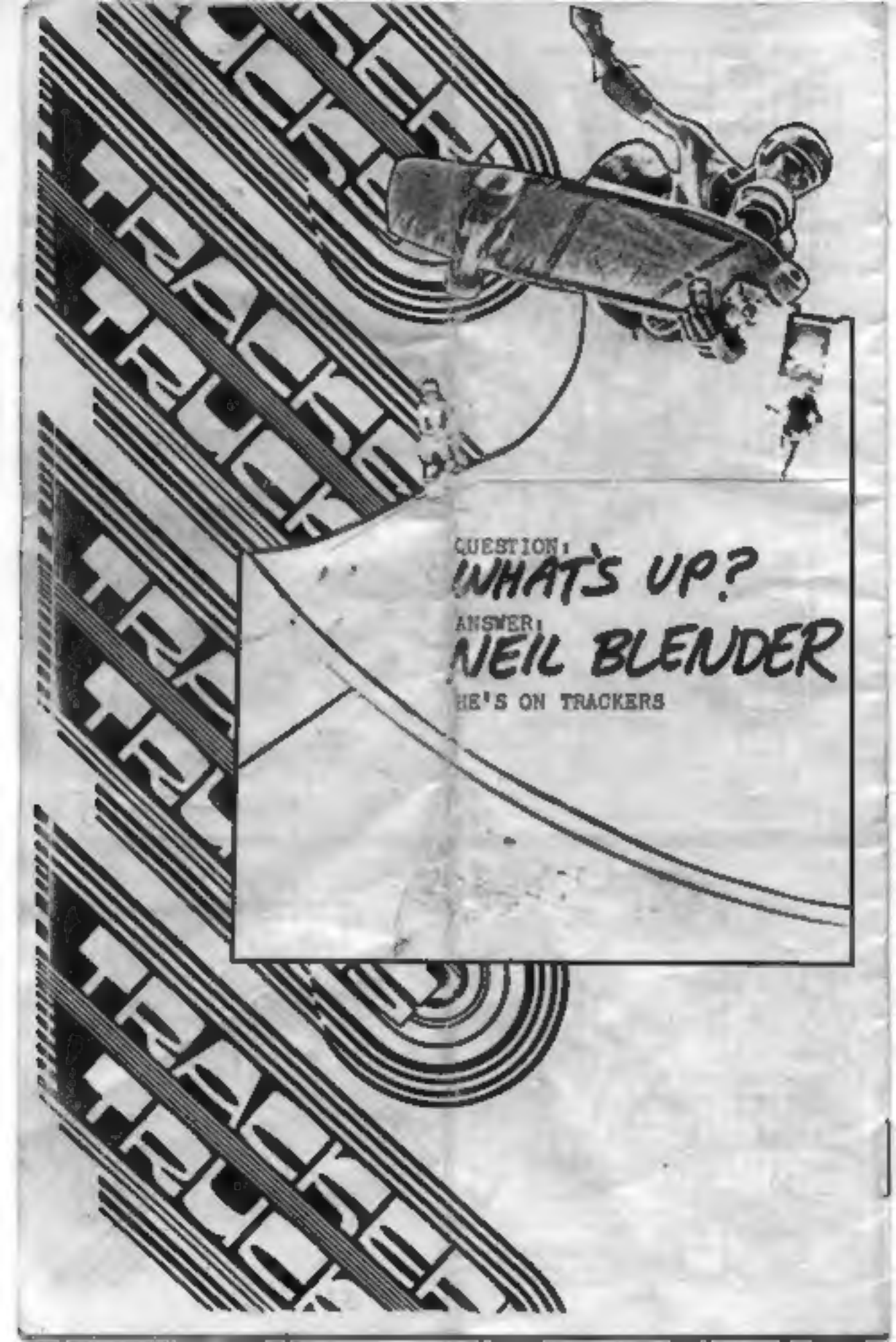
As they say, smiles are contagious, and even a very simple, unaffected thing could put a great big grin on Tory's tiny mug. He grabbed the jack-in-the-box and hugged it very tight. He didn't ever want it to end. It at least lasted a while for him, though.

Suddenly, Tory, for some strange reason, looked up and away from his friend and glared out the window glass once again. It made his smile go away, naturally, because even at the age of six, Tory knew very well what was going on out there everywhere. He started thinking about things again. He thought about old Brooks, and about that stop sign, and about the one drop of rain on the window glass. He didn't even want to skateboard anymore. But he did know what he wanted to do, it was just that he wasn't too sure it had something to do with a dream he had the other night, last Tuesday night. It was a good dream, though. Not a bad one or a nightmare or anything.

What Tory wanted to do was, he wanted to do what had happened in his dream. He wanted it so bad that he somehow managed to wrench his eyes away from the window just long enough to catch a glimpse of the captivatingly happy jack-in-the-box lying in his arms. It made him smile again, at least, and he started talking to his jack-in-the-box as he pulled it closer. He spoke in sort of a quiet little voice, while he looked down into the puppet's purple painted eyes: "I would like to go down to the sea," Tory whispered.

"And then, Jack, I would like to get into a little boat and paddle out over the sea. And I would paddle and paddle for days and days. I would even sleep and eat and everything too. And I would paddle and paddle and paddle. And finally, I would even paddle some more. Then, one day, I would get to a little island that nobody knew about. And I would step off the boat onto a great, sandy beach, and there would just be hundreds and hundreds of kids everywhere laughing and running and playing and singing. There would be no grown-ups at all. No grown-ups anywhere. Just kids. And I would push the boat off back into the sea and let it go away. And I would be with all the other kids for always. On the little island. Only kids on a big, sandy beach who would love and play and sing and laugh with each other forever."





QUESTION:

WHAT'S UP?

ANSWER:

NEIL BLENDER

HE'S ON TRACKERS